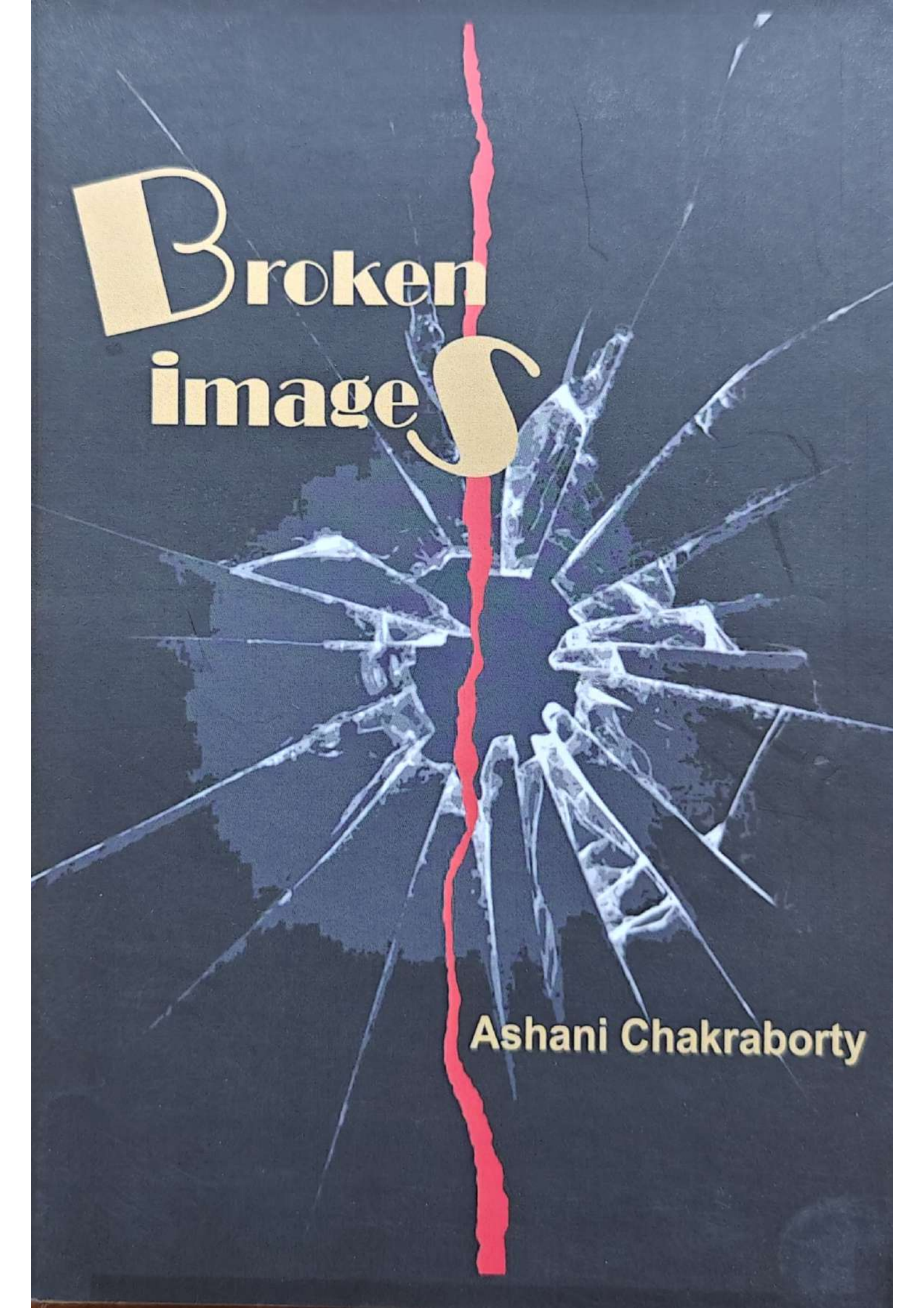




Broken image

Ashani Chakraborty

Ashani's poetical musings reflect his quest to process reality : subjective and objective. This overwhelming need for aesthetic expression propelled him to grope with forms , grapple with words and images.

The poems also construct an arc of Ashani's journey through time:from young-adulthood to adulthood,his encounters with the Titans of world-literature , the arc of his experiential reality.Poetry is quintessentially a solitary art form, and in this age of crass commercialism and materialism the space for poetic expression seems to be shrinking and under siege.Paradoxically ,for this very reason poetry and the liminal space it offers and creates is vitally important for the spiritual sustenance of the suffering individual,for there can be no creation without suffering. "Broken Images" is Ashani's maiden volume of poetry with which he begins his dialogue with a wider audience.May it continue.



Broken image

Broken Images

Ashani Chakraborty



Saptarshi Prakashan

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To
My beloved Grandmother

Ira Mukhopadhyay

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Editor, Tropic Press

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FOREWORD

Ashani's poems have been a revelation for me. His response to his surroundings is intensely personal. The complications of modern-day living and the intricacies of individual psyche create unique parallels in his brief but penetrating compositions. It is a pleasure to learn that he takes equal delight in writing plays, short stories and novels. He is only 25 years of age and has great potential as a creative artiste. I sincerely hope that the poems contained in this brief volume **Broken Images** will receive their due as and when they reach the reading public.

My heartiest congratulations are due unto Shri Sourav Mukhopadhyay of Saptarshi Prakashan, Kolkata for taking initiative in publishing a book of poems by an unknown young author and that also in these dark days of pandemic alarm.

Ashok Mukhopadhyay

Eminent Theatre Personality

Dtd 10.10.2020
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AUTHORIAL NOTE

The purpose of art is to hold a mirror unto life and reality. When I first started composing poetry my desire was simply to express the thoughts and feelings that hover within my inner psychological realm. Later I wrote poems not only to communicate my subjective thoughts and emotions but also wanted them to be potent reflections of the reality surrounding me. I sincerely hope my readers will appreciate my work and form their own subjective opinions regarding its content.

AUTHORIAL NOTE

The purpose of art is to hold a mirror up to life and reflect it. When I first started composing poetry, my desire was simply to express the thoughts and feelings that passed within my inner psychological realm. I said I wrote poems not only to communicate my subjective thoughts and emotions but also wanted them to be potent reflections of the creative surroundings. I sincerely hope my readers will appreciate my work and form their own independent opinions regarding its content.

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MARRIAGE

A castle without a name.

The prisoners inside are the same,

The walls are black as the darkest night.

The inmates inside are out of sun's sight .

It was constructed by infatuation blind

And the bizzare nature of strange mankind.

The rooms are slowly unlocked.

Each contains a secret of a poisonous kind.

Through the windows creep in despair jealousy and
doubt.

The prisoners begin to fight and shout.

Yet it had warmth, it had song,

But those were hollow and did not last long.

Finally the inmates learn the castle's ways.

They bitterly live out the rest of their days.

THE PRISON

It's been a while I am trapped in prison.
Yet I had committed neither theft nor murder nor treason.
I wondered over and over and could not find the reason.
The cell is neither tiny nor gigantic.
But it had made me angry bitter and sarcastic.
I hear the other prisoners shout and fight
For they like me are out of sun's sight.
Why am I here ? Was I caught breaking the law ?
That is what I seriously doubt.
The question that haunts me is when will I be out ?

TIME

The river flowing through eternal space at a slow yet steady pace .

Wandering through various landscapes,

Witnessing the murders and the rapes,

Travelling through the desolate mountains and the dark caves,
the wild forests and lonely dungeons,

Through fertile valleys and the cold deserted regions,

Flying through the rainbows clouds and rain,

The mysterious tunnels of the human brain.

An immortal warrior battling forever,

Growing neither stronger nor weaker.

THE MASK

I wear you all the time ,
Through the moments of despair and those sublime.
I wear you waking up each morning on this cruel earth,
Or when the sun sets below the horizon.
I wear you for some complex inexplicable reason.
Yet I had never cheated or committed treason.
I will wear you until I breathe my last.
Whether the rivers of time move slow or fast
To hide the inner monster that was born due to a troubled
past,
The monster that made me an intriguing outcast.

LOVE

I flow and flow and flow.
Through all creation do I flow .
At my command winds of emotions blow .
If you drink my blood it would taste sweeter than
wine,
I can make you feel dry and desolate,
I can make you whine.
I flow through the heart of a mother giving birth
Welcoming her infant to this cruel earth .
I flow through the mind of a lover.
Wasting his life upon a airy bubble .
I give birth to the passions of rage and dread
I even summon my foe , the famous hatred.
I am the antidote and the poison.
I can make you commit violence and treason.
Beware of my power the human race
For I am an angel of the light.
And a cunning demon without a face

A REVOLUTIONARY SOUL

A mind that defies every norm,
A heart that refuses to conform,
A rebellious spirit free from the cage of fear
Who trembles not when dangers lurk near,
Free from the barriers of blind religion
Has struggled his way out of misery's dungeon,
And broke free of society's tyrannical chain.
As wild as the storm and rain.
Transformed from a helpless being.
Who used to love and trust.
Now driven through unstoppable rage and lust,
Who finds peace in cold detachment
Defiance has become his soul's nourishment.

SOCIETY

O fiend ! You are the tyrant whom I fear the most
For you can turn the most robust man to a lifeless
ghost,

You alone have tamed untamable nature,
I envy those who have not received your nurture.
You are the vampire who sucks the creativity out of
artistic souls,

And chain them to mundane and restrictive roles.

Yet you possess brilliance and glamour

And protect mortals by your metallic armour.

But you rob from them the jewels of liberty.

Which makes you a cruel and oppressive entity.

A MEETING WITH DEATH

I walked thorny miles to see your face,
I travelled the scorching desert with tired pace,
I swam through oceans to meet you at last,
In the course of the journey I became an outcast.
I climbed the desolate mountain to enter your world,
A world of which you are the unconquerable lord .
But now that I see you I scream with despair
Knowing I am caught in the devil's snare.

HAPPINESS

The holy grail of human desire,

The holy grail of human desire,

MY COUNTRY

Standing amidst a decaying reality.

Full of robots devoid of beauty,

I see too many houses and absence of greenery.

I see frustrated youths radiating anger and misery.

The birds and the beasts are scared for their lives .

The sublime trees are destroyed along with the bee hives.

Parents transforming their offspring to mere automatons,

A place which forces revolutionary minds to acquire weapons.

POETRY

Breathing before the birth of wealth or power,
A medicine for hearts both desolate and sour,
A fairy flying alone before recorded time,
A face undefined yet sublime;
Purifying souls too wounded by life's savage thorns,
Possessing the soothing charm of angelic newborns.
The magical mirror reflecting mind and nature,
The God who will forever create and nurture.

HAPPINESS

The holy grail of human desire,
The birth of our untamed dazzling fire.
Reflected by nature's mirrors,
By the sublime trees and the tranquil waters.
By the magnificent flowers and the soothing rivers.
It can be robbed even in the darkest hour ,
The quest of a lonely heart too tired and sour .
The coveted prize of a fierce unconquerable warrior
The untamed force that can feed and nurture,
The dream of lovers both gallant and confused,
Blinded by a craving that is often refused,
An immortal clown wearing a cunning mask,
Finding him is the most tiresome task.

OTHELLO

He stared with the eyes of a predator,
With the fiery passion of a warrior.
The defenceless prey lying on the bed was frightened.
He could feel his rage slowly getting strengthened.
In his mind she was a devious serpent.
He was certain he would never repent.
His strong hands embraced her pale neck.
He had nothing to lose , he has become a wreck.
The eternal jewel was sucked out of the angelic entity.
The silence lasted for all eternity.

DEATH

Come to me my friend my lover, my enemy.
Humans will fear you for all eternity.
Come to me but keep a distance from me.
Over time our distance will close ;
I don't know whether the process will be slow or fast,
I tremble at your presence,
Yet my life is empty in your absence.
For each moment you guide me through the depths of
hell.
All mortals are afraid to hear your knell.
Without you existence would be blissful yet dull.
You can reduce an emperor to mere skeleton and
skull.
Please come to me yet do not come too close to me.
I want to see you but not feel your touch.
For I know if I do I won't ever feel anything else again.
With you even the devil fears to bargain.
Yet through the darkness you continue to lead me.
You will forever be my friend, my lover, my enemy.

A HUNGRY MIND

Burning with unstoppable energy and desire.
The mind too hungry to afford any leisure,
A frustrated being devouring every moment,
A wanton soul moulded by hell's torment.
A carpediem philosopher too tired of norms,
Knowing death would make him a meal for worms.
Too robbed to give and thirsty to take,
Battling ferociously for survival's sake

THE CAGE

All my life I have been trapped in a cage.
My passions were guided by none but rage.
Outside were glittering eyes of spectators plenty,
In my cage each moment seems like an eternity.
I look at the door but it's always locked.
The only way out was by climbing up the steep walls.
But the higher I climb the harder I fall,
I can hear my wounded spirit's call.
The other beasts have given up hope.
They have embraced the life within the cage.
So would I if not for that burning rage.

BATTLING WITH MADNESS

As the darkness of madness creeps in,
The stars of sanity can still be seen.
The soldiers of the mind are holding their swords
They are waiting with terror for the opening of the door.
I feel the pressure crushing my every bone
I know that I am completely alone.
Yet I feel neither sorrow nor fear,
For I had swam through a river of despair.
I see the merging of the darkness and light.
I stand my ground prepared for the fight.

AN IRON SOUL

After being whipped and caged like a slave,
Being tricked by many a knave,
Passing through a desert of pain,
Having nothing to lose and everything to gain,
A soul turned to iron by cruel fate,
Had a loving heart that can now only hate,
Who has little to fear but much to say.
Swimming through life in a carefree way.

MUSIC

The celestial angel with a delicate face,
The tranquilizer of the complex human race.
The harbinger of eternal delight,
That can cease our desire to fight,
Replacing the mind's darkest corners, with pleasure's light,
Flowing through winds of immortal time,
The lover who is forever sublime.
Creating a sweet paradise in the darkest depths of hell,
Obliviating the fear of awaiting death's knell.

A BLEEDING MAN

Bleeding from head to toe ,
A world where every friend maybe a foe.
Where all the faces are deceptive masks,
Being forced to perform unwanted tasks.
Where blind lovers lock themselves in a cage,
Which turns their love into bitter rage.
I look for hours at my bloody body,
Then drown myself in music's melody.

MACBETH

The hero who will never grow old,
The blood in his veins is neither warm nor cold;
Greed and ambition tossed him to the ocean of crime,
His journey was bloody yet sublime .
He fell into the well of avarice,
Which robbed him of his diamond of peace.
No medicine could cure his disease.
He walked many miles through the thorns of misery
Only the darkness of death could take away his
melancholy.

LIFE

It goes on and on.

Through the rose and the thorn.

It climbs the steepest hill.

It falls down into the deepest chasm.

It swims through oceans of pleasure and agony,

It struggles through despair shallow and deep ;

It is often a tiger often a sheep,

Finally it falls into the eternal sleep,

Sleep without nightmares but only peace.

LIBERATED

Free as the wind and the wave,
As a gothic fairy in a cave,
Lawless as the invisible air.
Untamable as the wild river.
Galloping over the walls of civilisation
Like a monstrous horse free from exhaustion ;
An aimless mind which craves only to wander,
To discover new places where it can rest and ponder.

THOUGHTS

Floating through a sea of thoughts,
Thoughts which flow like silvery wine.
Thoughts that pierce the clouds of cynicism,
And allow my soul to shine.
They are free as the air,
They glide like the river,
Above my mind they always hover.
They guide me in the darkest night,
And preserve in me the will to fight.
They make me feel the warmth of life
And show me the thorny path to light.

THE JOURNEY

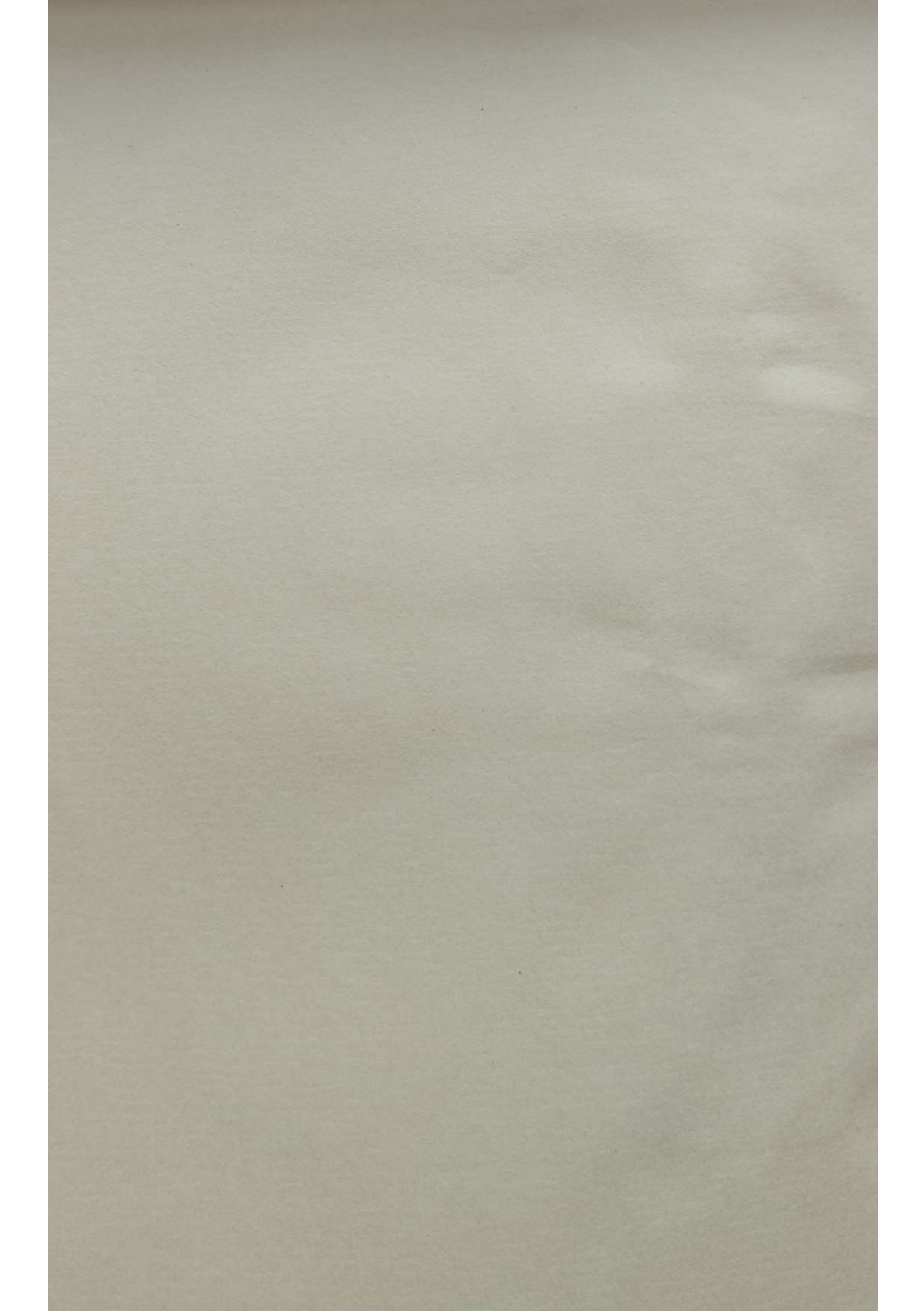
A journey through a mysterious rabbit hole.
A journey through flesh, blood and soul ;
A voyage through the mystique seas,
The quest to drink life to the lees;
An entry to a dark cave
That separates the coward from the brave,
That tests your strength and your wit,
Provokes in you the desire to quit;
Yet there's no turning back.
You ask yourself
'Is my spirit starting to crack?'
The cave is long dark and narrow,
You tell yourself -
"At the end of it there's no sorrow."

HATRED

Dear friend, why do you follow me wherever I go?
Are you a human or an alien or a strange foe?
You look different than all I have met
You are a creature without face, a beast without a shape
Your colour is black yet I see you in the dark
You have no skin yet I feel your touch;
Was it I who gave birth to thee, O mysterious entity ?
Or is it you who is my parent, my guardian, my guide ?
Did you along with a cruel witch of darkness bring me
to this world ?
Why do you swim and climb and fly with me through
hills , oceans and skies ?
You are as dependant on me as a drunkard on his
liquor or a mad lover upon his beloved,
And somehow I am dependant on you;
I pray you leave me alone for a while, let me sleep.
Yet I know in my dreams I will need you again.

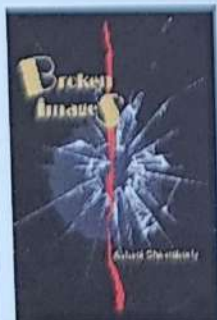
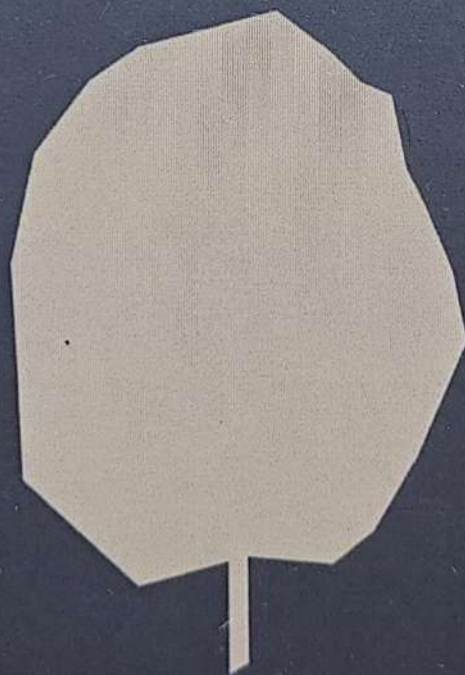
A BROKEN WORLD

Broken minds; Broken dreams; Broken images;
Empty beings filled with illusory mirages.
Grotesque memories and shattered lives,
All the honey has been sucked out of the bee hives.
Broken dreams lurking inside broken toys,
A realm full of dismembered girls and boys.
Bleeding bodies and bleeding souls,
Minds full of worm-filled holes,
Travellers lost amidst the scorching sand,
Frantic swimmers in search of land.





Ashani Chakraborty, an alumnus of St. Stephen's School, Dum Dum, completed his Masters in English Literature and Language in 2019, from the University of Calcutta. Ashani has always preferred to express himself through the medium of art. The poems in this collection were written between 2014 and 2020. They constitute a virtual journey of his consciousness, through different realms of experience. Ashani loves to paint and has also written several short plays in Baanglaa, and a novella in English.



Broken Images
by Ashani Chakraborty

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